

10  
THE  
CLOYSTER  
IN  
Bartholomew FAIR;  
OR,  
*The Town-Mistress Disguis'd.*  
A  
POEM.

---

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

---

LONDON, Printed for A. Banks near Fleetstreet. 1707.

THE  
CLOYSER

Bartholomew Fair

The Town-Magick Display'd

A

POEM

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

LONDON: Printed by A. B. 1707.

# THE P R E F A C E.

**T** Hink not that any sad mishap,  
Of swelling Groin, or weeping Clap,  
Or Bubo, or Venereal Shanker,  
Occasion'd this Poetick Anger:  
Or that I've got the Plague of Life,  
A fair, but Cursed Filting Wife,  
Who deafens Neighbours with her Brawling;  
And goes each Night a Caterwauling;  
Or reeling Home one Evening drunk,  
I stumbled upon Stragling Punk;  
Who calling me her dearest Honey,  
From Fob convey'd away my Money;  
And in Revenge, upon the Matter,  
Went home, and wrote this Biting Satyr.  
Or that by any Churches Sentence,  
Am doom'd to Open white Repentance,  
To Suffer Penance in One Sheet,  
Because 'twixt two I did the Feat:  
Or that some little Bastard rather,

## The Preface.

*Was left at door to call me Father ;  
While the Mother on't design'd to Trick me ;  
By Swearing in the Crowd 'twas like me.  
No, none, ( for best my Thoughts can tell me )  
Of these Misfortunes have befall me ;  
But if you needs must know th' Occasion,  
Which put my Muse in such a Passion :  
A Friend of mine, Young, Airy, Witty,  
Rich, Gallant, well Belov'd, and Pretty,  
In two Years time, by Punks in London,  
Was Clapt, and Pox'd, and clearly Undone,  
Diseas'd and miserably Poor,  
And by his Friends turn'd out of door,  
To Country goes to find Relief,  
Where in two Months he dy'd with Grief.  
If this was not enough to Rouse  
Resentments in a Friendly Muse,  
In all the Subjects us'd for Satyr,  
Shew, if you can, a fitter Matter.  
All Poetry designs to please,  
And if in Dogrel Lines, like These,  
You find but something for discourse,  
I am dear Courteous Reader, yours.*

Massa,



# Maffalina.

**W**elcome to Town, thou most Esteem'd of Friends  
 Welcom as *Rain*, which on parch'd *Earth* de-  
 Thou dear Companion of my vacant hours, [scends,  
 How oft did we on *His* Banks discourse.

When we together led a College life,  
 'Till I assum'd that Settlement, a Wife :

Yet thy *Amintor's* not Uxorious Grown,  
 Nor will he for the Wife, the Friend disown.

He loves his *Strephon*, with a flame as strong,

As Death, yet will not his *Dorinda* wrong ;

Tho' Learn'd thou art, as *Athens* was of Old,

And canst all Natures Mysteries Unfold :

Yet to my *Strephon's* mind are still unknown,

The rules of living in this Wicked Town :

Here are a thousand Traps, ten Thousand Snares,

Which Vice for unexperienc'd Youth prepares ;

Unknown, unheard of, in those Shady-Groves, and

Where Nymph's & Shepherds Joyntly tell their Loves.

Permit me then to expose one sort of Vice,

And show the danger of the Precipice ;

Which may in you create a fixt abhorring,

Of that so fashionable Mode, call'd Whoring.

Methinks at naming of the word you start,

Ah ! happy Youth, - Unskilful in such Art,

May you be still unlearned in such Schools,  
 I was *Desire* to know, first made us *Fools* ;  
 But lest through Inadvertency you run,  
 To those Extreams, my Muse would have you shun ;  
 Suffer my Pen a little to Explore,  
 And show the Arts of Prostituted *Whore*.  
 Women indeed to outward View they seem,  
 But are their Sexes Scandal, Blot and Shame ;  
 Tho' Angels they may seem in Dress, and Mein,  
 But could you View the frightful Fiends within,  
 Who wets their lewd *Desires*, and eggs them on,  
 To act those *Milchiefs* they too oft have done ;  
 Not Mid-night *Spectres*, or sad Scenes of War,  
 Would half so dreadful to your Sense appear ;  
 No *Canibals* upon the *Indian-Coast* ,  
 Nor *Desart* Shores to Men by Shipwrack Tost,  
 Can be so dangerous, as are the Wiles,  
 The treacherous Kisses, and bewitching Smiles,  
 Of Mercenary Jilts ; whose only Trade,  
 Is daily acting Love in Masquerade :  
 True *Canibals*, who can with Ease devour,  
 A dozen Men while Time shapes out an hour.  
 The Body as gross Food they cast away,  
 And only on the Blood and Marrow prey ;  
 With nice Fantastick Appetites they burn,  
 And nothing but the Spirits serve their turn :  
 Not *Naples*, *Rome*, *Messina*, *Scandaroon*,  
 Nor *Venice*, the fam'd *Adriatick* Town ;  
 Not *Paris*, *Lyons*, *Blois*, nor *Fontain-bleau*,  
 Can in Each place more Girls of Pleasure Shew ;  
 Than Whores of all degrees are daily known,  
 To practice lewdness in this Pious Town ;  
 From the kept Mistress, who resides at Court,  
 To her who will for *Two-Pence* act the Sport.

Since

Since then in Whoring there are found degrees,  
(For there's a kind of Government in Vice,)  
Let's for a while survey the mighty bliss,  
Attends the keeping Pentionary Mifs,  
(A practice, Custom has in Credit brought  
So far it hardly is esteem'd a Fault)  
If haughty, when some Overtures you make,  
And tell her how you Languish for her sake,  
A swinging Fine by you must first be paid,  
And after that some Deeds of Jointure made,  
Before you must attempt to tast the Joy,  
Which of it self, does but too quickly cloy:  
When ever you your Amorous Visits pay,  
Some Present you must leave at Going away  
And if her hum'rous Appetite requires,  
Some new Provocatives to landguid Fires!  
The dainties of the *East* you must prepare,  
And if she'll swallow Pearl, you must not spare;  
Nothing must e're be thought too good or rich,  
To raise and heighten her Salacious Itch.  
If after all this mighty Cost and Pains,  
Her heart were but the Total of your Gains,  
Repentance would be light: but ah, as soon,  
You may require Fixation from the Moon!  
Cause madam *Cynthia*, still to have one face,  
And stop the Sun in his Diurnal race,  
As make her constant though she swear and vow,  
That she ~~Love~~ to no man else allow! *will love*  
That you're the onely Creature she can Prize,  
Joy of her Heart, and pleasure of her Eyes,  
And if you leave her off, poor Soul, she dies!  
Believe her not, for when she tells the Lye,  
The Devils blush to hear the Perjury:  
When

When just perhaps before the Oaths she swore,  
Some Fav'rite Spark had issu'd out of Door,  
Flush'd with those Joys, you pay so dearly for.  
These first rate Whores, if Trade they understand,  
Can never Sail, unless they are well Man'd  
When for their Favours you so tamely crave,  
Whether you are their Keeper, or their Slave:  
They scorn to be monopoliz'd by One,  
No—they are proud to imitate the Sun,  
Who does on meanest things his Beams display,  
So every one is Welcom, if he pay.  
But of this tedious, constant way of Life,  
You weary grown, some other Mistress chuse,  
And to the former all Supplies refuse:  
When you withdraw your Golden Showers of grace,  
In vain to Constancy they make Pretension,  
For loss of Love, still follows loss of Pension.

If in this *Keeping Humour* you go on,  
And for new Faces ransack all the Town;  
Had you the Wealth of *Cresus* in your Pow'r,  
So that your very Thoughts could wish no more;  
Could you bribe Time to let you live an Age,  
Still blest with vigorous Heat and youthful Rage:  
Could you each Month command a new Embrace,  
And reign Lord Regent o're the Female Race;  
Cou'd you of Mistresses have such a Store,  
That *Solomon*, compar'd to you, were Poor;  
Yet you wou'd find that Jilting, Falshood, Lying,  
Counterfeit Sighs, and subtle Arts of Dying,  
Feign'd Tears, false Vows, and sev'ral such like more,  
Are Qualities inseparable from the Whore.

Forgive me, *Strephon*, for my false Suppose,  
Too well the Theory of their Faults he knows;

And



And has too much of Learning, Wit, and Art;  
 Ever to dive into the Practick part.  
 But whiles to fulsome Compliments I fly,  
 I tax him with Insensibility.

*Strephon*, not love a Woman, is he man?  
 Is he Man? And can he from the Charming Sex refrain?  
 No—but what prudence moderates his passion;  
 And is ~~it~~ not Lewd, altho' 'tis grown in Fashion?

Permit me now, dear *Strephon*, to relate,  
 The tricks and Wiles of Whores of second Rate;  
 The *Play-house* Punks, who in a loose *Undress*,  
 Each Night receive some Cully's soft Address;  
 Reduc'd perhaps to the Last poor half a Crown,  
 A Tawdry Gown and Petty-Coat, put-on,  
 Go to the House, where they demurely sit,  
 Angling for Bubbles, in the Noisy Pit.  
 Not *Turks* by *Turbants*, *Spaniards* by the Hats,  
 Nor *Quaker's* *Diminutive* Crevats  
 Are better known, than is the Tawdry Crack;  
 By *Vizor-Mask* and *Rigging* on her Back:  
 The *Play-house* is the Place of Traffick, where;  
 Nightly they sit to sell their rotten Ware;  
 Though done in silence, and without a Cryer,  
 Yet he that bids the most, is still the Buyer!  
 For while he nibbles at her Am'rous Trap,  
 She gets the Money, but he gets the Clap.  
 Intrench'd in *Vizor-Mask*, they Giggling sit,  
 AND throw designing Looks about the Pit.  
 Neglecting wholly what the Actors say,  
 'Tis their least Business there to see the Play:  
 But if some unexperienc'd Youth by chance  
 Bestow upon 'em an Obliging Glance,

And

And in his Rustick Manner offers love,  
 Thes slow Advances, they know how t' improve,  
 Like stubborn Towns, when first they view the Fort,  
 Some signs of vigorous Resistance show,  
 Till prest too hard by their opponent Fate,  
 Make Terms freely, then Capitulate.  
 So these at first appear too Nice and Coy,  
 And scorn the kind Presents of the Boy;  
 In pairs like unclean Beast, they walk the Street,  
 And if one over-charg'd with Drink they meet,  
 They seize his Pocket, as their lawful Game,  
 For *Whore* and *Thief* are in one Sense the same:  
 Till twelve at night these lustfull *Gypsies* Stroul  
 In quest of Money, by the *Pickt-up-Fool*;  
 Shame to their Sex, and Scandal to the Brute,  
 Who ne're permits the Male a second Bout;  
 But they, tho' void of Pleasure and Delight,  
 Can weekly bear a dozen Leaps a Night,  
 From Men of all Complexions, Tempers, Ages,  
 From *Beardless Youths*, to *Reverend grave old Sages*,  
 Till tir'd with shaking of their worn-out B——s  
 Thro' Alleys Re I, to their respective Homes.

Breath, Breath a while, my once hated Muse,  
 Before you enter their accursed Stews;  
 Where *Aches*, *Buboes*, *Shankers*, *Nodes*, and *Poxes*,  
 Are hid in Female damn'd *Pandora's Boxes*.  
 Think of the quiet Days, the calmer Nights,  
 The grateful Pleasures, and the soft Delights,  
 The large Exemption, from all noisy Strife,  
 And other Joys attend the Virgin Life.  
 Thus fortified against their Tinsel Charms,  
 Advance with Courage and defy their Arms,  
 What man's a stranger to the fam'd Report,  
 Of the religious Nuns of *Sal'sbury-Court*

Who

Who daily standing at their Convent door,  
 And plying, seem to cry *Next Whore, Next Whore*  
 Like *Algerines* who *Christian Vessels* spy,  
 Hang out false Colours to deceive the Eye;  
 So who (but him who knows it is their Trade)  
 Would think a *Coffee-House* a *Brothel* made?  
 The sober Sign is hung out for a Stale,  
 The *Treat* within, is *Punk* and *Bottle-Ale*.  
 If with a feign'd Sobriety you come,  
 And unconcernedly Survey the Room,  
 The Jilts, who for your Money only burn,  
 Will quickly see you are not for their Turn!  
 Well skill'd in Physiognomy, they know,  
 Whether you'll be their *Property* or no:  
 But if they read the *Cully* in your Face,  
 They come up to you, with a damn'd Grimace  
 My *Dear* (cries one) let's leave this dirty Hole  
 And get up Stairs, my *Jewell*, shall's, my *Soul*!  
 If with her fulsome Flattery you comply,  
 (As some Men scarce have Power to deny;)   
 Bottles of *Mead*, *Mum*, *Cyder*, all at once,  
 Fly faster to the Room, than Bombs at *Mons*;  
 The *Reck'ning* flaming, and *Grave Matron* gone,  
 And you with *Mistris Up-Tail* left alone,  
 What follows — let my modest Reader guess,  
 My Muse forbids, that I one Hint express.

Besides these *Filts* we mentioned just before,  
 There are of several kinds a thousand more,  
 R — s Whores, who go to C — h to P — r,  
 (Tho' that's the smallest Business they have there,)   
 Who with one *Eye* look up to H — n with Passion,  
 And with the other, wink an Affignation:  
 Love and Devotion are so near a Kin,  
 She cannot think *Good-Nature* is a Sin,

There

There are a sort of Cloister'd Punks beside,  
 Who, to be Vertuous thought will take a Pride;  
 Reserv'd they live in mighty State and Fashion,  
 And who dares Scandalize their Reputation?  
 At *Tunbridge*, and at *Epsome-Wells*, each Year,  
 Like People of best Qualities appear:  
 Blush when they hear a word they judge obscene,  
 While thousand Lewd Ideas lurk within;  
 With artful Wiles they take a Pride to Vex,  
 And bid Defiance to the other Sex:  
 But if at last Betray'd by *Inclination*,  
 Or overcome by your too foolish Passion;  
 Or if by Presents most Magnetick Charms,  
 You are at length conducted to her Arms;  
 Not *Fleetstreet* Cracks, who on young Striplins prey,  
 Are half so Lewd and Impudent as they.  
 When they the Night like *Massalina* pass,  
 Appear next Morning, like *Lucretia* Chast;  
 Like *Filts*, whose Arts some Modern pages fill,  
 They wipe their mouths, and say we've done no ill.

What pity 'tis the *Bawds* of this *Lewd Town*,  
 Who have some *Thousands* of each Sex undone,  
 Should want their *Statues* made of *lasting Brass*,  
 And fixed at, or very near the *Place*,  
 Where they their various Scenes of *Lewdness* taught,  
 And thought their *Vilest Practices* no Fault;  
 Like fiery *Pillars*, they would mark the Way,  
 In which wild *Youths* too aptly run astray;  
 Then would no *Bewley*, *Swatford*, *Temple*, *Whipple*,  
*Creswells*, nor *Cozens*, who so lov'd the N—de,  
 Laugh loud to show their Wit; and in the Strife,  
 Act Modesty and Vertue to the Life.  
 Th' unthinking Lad more Fond by distance grown,  
 Bears up his Thoughts, and briskly pushes on,

Till



Till they at length contented to Comply;  
 (As overcome by Importunity)  
 Accept a Coach (still *Mask'd*, and in *Disguise*)  
 Whilst he with his new gotten *Female Prize*,  
 To Tavern hastning, where a splendid Treat,  
 Opens his *Eyes*, and quickly shows the *Cheat*;  
 Their seeming Vertue off with Mask is thrown,  
 And they appear right Women of the Town;  
 If *Dancing*, *Singing*, *Swearing*, *Impudence*,  
 Can make Impressions upon easy Sense;  
 And whom he thought a *Goddes*, just before,  
 Now proves an Arrant, Rampant, true bred Whore;  
 And in the height of Wine, if he's but willing,  
 Will soon Unrigh her self for One poor Shilling.  
 These Lustful Sights his Fever serve to cure,  
 Or else, like Oil to Fire, enflame it more;  
 So doubly flush'd with Wine and Love, at last,  
 This fatal Kindness he attempts to tast:  
 Fatal indeed, but too too often prove,  
 These stolen Snatches of unlawful Love;  
 Delusions Charm his Reason for a while,  
 And ev'ry thing about them seem to Smile;  
 Pleas'd with the Raptures of this new found Bliss,  
 Fancies there is no other Paradise:  
 But sober Reason must at last take place,  
 And he, tho' late, perceive his own Disgrace;  
 For when he lay Entranc'd in *Celia's* Lap,  
 He little thought 'twould terminate in Clap:  
 So finds the Total Sum of all his Gains,  
 Are *Saffold's* Pills, to cure all sorts of Pains.

Methinks I read a Pity in your Eyes,  
 While you those Mercenary Jilts dispise;  
 And tho' I cannot blame your gen'rous Passion,  
 Yet I shall now inflame your Indignation;

For

For these may well be thought no Whores at all,  
 Compar'd with those which we *Night-Walkers* call:  
 Cracks, who to *Hell's Black Service* are so true,  
 That they may claim Damnation as their due:  
 For *Witches*, who by *Contract* serve the Devil,  
 Were never Instruments of half the Evil,  
 Perform'd by these *Nocturnal Privateers*,  
 In the small Space of a few rolling Years,  
 These *Pirates* of the *Night* no Prizes spare,  
 From callow Youth, to Age with silver Hair,  
 Who greedily the *Curst Occasion* snatches,  
 Board you, and Clap you underneath their Hatches.  
 Like *Owls* all day, they still remain within,  
 And seldom are until the *Twilight* seen;  
 Then with some fine Gay Cloaths, clapt up on Tally,  
 To Publick Streets, these Lewd *Smock-Vermin* fall;  
 With such an Air of Impudence they tread,  
 As if in *Hells* chief Boarding-School were bred;  
 Their Eye-balls rolling round from place to place,  
 Each man they meet, they Stare him in the Face;  
 If raw, and unexperie'd in the Town,  
 They stop him, as if to them <sup>he's</sup> known,  
 L — d! Cozen — (with Confidence they'll say)  
 I have not seen your Eyes this many 'day;  
 But if he seem surpriz'd, or stand his Guard-on,  
 They then retire — with *Sir*, I ask your Pardon;  
 You are so like the Man I took you for,  
 No Pease resemble one another more:  
 Some times at this false Bait the *Gudgeon* bite,  
 And to the Tavern with these Birds of Night  
 Retire, to take one new Acquaintance Pint:  
 Where if, for one half Hour they sit and Laugh,  
 We freely may conclude the D — I was in't,  
 If he comes off with Purse and C — — ce safe.

'Tis not for Pleasure nightly thus they trot,  
 That by long Custom, they have quite forgot ;  
 Like men, who their Indulgent Palats feast  
 So long, till they at last quite lose their Taste:  
 No, 'tis for Money — Money is their Aim,  
 For love they do not understand the name.  
 Let the Gallant be a *Blackamore*, or *Jew*,  
 Ugly, or of an *Æthiopian* Hew;  
 Deform'd like *Æsop*, and as old as *Parr*,  
 If he has Money, he's their only Dear,  
 Their *Love*, their *Life*, their *Soul*, their other *Half*,  
 Like *Jews* they still Adore the *Golden Calf*:  
 Yet what's the Profit of their mighty Pains?  
 And how do they improve their ill-got Gains?  
 Some *Swearing Bully* runs away with all  
 The Pence, which did from *Cully's Pocket* fall,  
 In Stroling Walks from *Strand* to *Leaden-ball*.  
 Curst, doubly curst, is *Life of Common-Whore*,  
 She sweats, takes Pains, and yet is always poor,  
 And who to merit Hell can suffer more?  
 Nor other Female Fachesles unknown,  
 Want that Disgrace is due to Vice alone;  
 For this old Maxim does all Mankind know,  
 That she that's once a Whore, is always so:  
 Not *Pox*, nor *Gout* can e're confine *Desire*,  
 Nor can *Old Age* extinguish *Lustful Fire*;  
 Like Sparks rak't up in Embers, 't may return,  
 In Fury, and with Rage; and Passion burn.  
 But whilst my Muse their ways to *Stephon* shows,  
 I teach those very Crimes I would expose:  
 Yet if wise *Spartans*, when their Slaves were drunk,  
 Expos'd them *Reeling* to their Children's Scorn;  
 With the same Reason I may paint the *Prink*,  
 Not that my Friend their hated ways may Learn,  
 But

But in his Mind those just *Ideas* frame;  
That shunning of the *Vice*, he may avoid the *Shame*.

Had you (but Heav'n forbid 't thou'd e're be)  
Spent all upon those *Sinks of Infamy*,  
And wholly slighting all *Good Moral Rules*,  
Ruin'd your Fortune in their *Vaulting Schools*,  
Softned your Mind by *Wheedles of Lewd Whore*,  
And spent so long, 'til you could spend no more;  
Disgrac'd and Poor, and leading to a Gaol;  
And would one Crown your Corps from Durance bail;  
Should you to some of them your Wants propound,  
On whom you once had spent five hundred pound;  
Not only they'd deny your small Request,  
But make your very Poverty their Jest.

Would you a miserable Scene survey?  
Step to the *Lock* in *Southwark*, every day,  
Where you will with a kind of *Horror* view,  
Clapt *Sparks* in *Fluxes*, Penitently flew;  
The Sight's so Nauseous, in my *Soul* I think,  
That at this very instant I smell the *Stink*.

Thus I have of *Whores* a short Description made,  
And touch'd the *Great Arcana's* of their Trade,  
For by what Name soever they are known,  
Their proper Title sure is *Legion*;  
And now with me will gentle *Strephon* joyn,  
And think a vertuous Woman all Divine;  
By Contraries some things are best set off,  
For let the Vicious *Libertine* still scoff,  
If *Strephon's* happy in a Charming Bride,  
In Life's rough *Seas*, with her we'll safely ride,  
While they poor daring, rash, unthinking Elves,  
Expose their Barks, to *Shipwracks*, *Rocks*, and *Shelves*,  
Where Waves are never Calm, nor Weather clear,  
But *Storms* and *Tempests* last the Circling year.

F I N I S.